A

DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

A Southern Delegate,

AND

HIS SPOUSE,

ON HIS RETURN FROM

The Grand Continental Congress.

A FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED

To the MARRIED LADIES of *America*,

By their most sincere,
And affectionate Friend,
And Servant,
MARY V. V.

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXXIV.

A

DIALOGUE, &c.

——— IN leſs than a Year,

WIFE. Mark me Sir, you'll repent of't, as ſure as you're there.

HUSBAND. Pray, for God's Sake, my Dear, be a little diſcreet;
As I hope to be ſav'd, you'll alarm the whole Street;
Don't delight ſo in ſcolding yourſelf out of Breath;
To the Neighbours 'tis Sport, but to me it is Death.

I ſubmit for Peace ſake, to be led by the Noſe ;
Don't make the World think that we're come to Blows :
If once but a Crotchet in your Head you have got,
For your Huſband's Advice, Ma'm, you care not a Groat.
There are many wiſe People, I'd have you to know,
Who often have aſk'd it, and have follow'd it too:
If I ſpeak but a Word, you rave like a Fury,
The Patience of *Job*, Madam, wou'dn't, cou'dn't endure ye:
Had I a Million of Sons, Ah! by the Lord *Harry*,
I'd adviſe every one of them never to marry.

WIFE. Call the Doctor!——by this unuſual Palaver,
I fear thou'ſt been bit, you ſo foam and ſo ſlaver :
Alas! never,———ah!——never, elect him again ;
This pride of Delegation, turns many a Brain.

HUSBAND. You miſtook me, my Dear, I did not pretend,
Every Meaſure of Congreſs, right or wrong to defend ; Many

Many Things they've left undone, they ſhou'd
ſurely have done,
Many Things they have done, they ſhou'd
have ſure let alone:
The --------- *Suffolk* -------- Appro-
bation,
— — — — — — — —
England ---------- d—m——n
— — — — — — — —
Nice Diſcuſſions, a wiſe Man will ever decline,
When his Head and his Heart are o'er heated
with Wine;
Men, when drunk, are all Heroes, all prudent,
all gallant;
Stark Fools, become Sages; rank Cowards,
grow valiant:
High Matters of State ſhould be plann'd be-
fore Dinner;
A Saint in the Morn, is at Night oft a Sinner:
But grant their Reſolves were more abſurd
than they are,
Could you really expect your meek Huſband
would dare
Oppoſe ſuch a Torrent, when its very well
known,
He dares not ſay to your Face, his Soul is his
own.

Wife. God bleſs us, and keep us! why,
my Deareſt, till now,
I ne'er heard you ſo wiſe, or ſo witty, I vow;

I proteſt this ſame Congreſs's a very fine
School ;
A Man comes back a *Chatham*, who went
there a Fool.

HUSBAND. You're afraid to hear all, but
for once I will ſpeak,
Wherever I am known, I am call'd *Jerry*
Sneak ;
I bear, for all that, with your Caprice, and
your Tricks,
But prithee, Dear, dabble not in our Politics.

WIFE. Prithee! ha, ha, ha, Prithee! my
Senator grave!
Sir! I'll make you repent of that Speech, to
your Grave ;
Why had'ſt not ſaid, KNOW THEN, like
the mighty Congreſs,
I preſume you'd a Hand in that civil Ad-
dreſs :
Indeed, my ſweet Sir, when you treat with
your Betters,
You ſhould mind how you ſpeak, and how
you write Letters.

HUSBAND. That Horſe-laugh is all feign'd,
with much better Grace,
You know Ma'm, you cou'd hit me a Slap in
the Face :

Conſider

Conſider, my Dear, you're a Woman of
Faſhion,
'Tis really indecent to be in ſuch Paſſion;
Mind thy Houſhold-Affairs, teach thy Chil-
dren to read,
And never, Dear, with Politics, trouble thy
Head.

WIFE. Good Lord! how magnanimous!
I fear Child thou'rt drunk,
Doſt thou think thyſelf, Deary, a *Cromwel*, or
Monck?
Doſt thou think that wiſe Nature meant thy
ſhallow Pate,
To digeſt the important Affairs of a State?
Thou born! thou! the Machine of an Empire
to wield?
Art thou wiſe in Debate? Shoud'ſt feel bold
in the Field?
If thou'ſt Wiſdom to manage Tobacco, and
Slave,
It's as much as God ever deſign'd thee to
have:
Becauſe Men are Males, are they all Politi-
cians?
Why then I preſume they're Divines and Phy-
ſicians,
And born all with Talents every Station to fill,
Noble Proofs you've given! no doubt, of your
Skill:

Wou'd

Wou'd! inſtead of Delegates, they'd ſent Delegates Wives ;
Heavens! we cou'dn't have bungled it ſo for our Lives !
If you had even conſulted the Boys of a School,
Believe me, Love, you cou'd not have play'd ſo the Fool :
Wou'd it bluſter, and frighten, its own poor dear Wife,
As the Congreſs does *England !* quite out of her Life ?

HUSBAND. This ſame Congreſs, my Dear, much diſturbeth thy Reſt,
God and Men aſk no more, than that Men do their beſt ;
'Tis their Fate, not their Crimes, if they've little Pretence,
To your moſt tranſcendent Penetration and Senſe ;
'Tis great Pity, I grant, they had'nt aſk'd the Advice
Of a Judge of Affairs, ſo profound, and ſo nice ;
You're ſo patient, ſo cool, ſo monſtrous eloquent,
Next Congreſs, my Empreſs, ſha't be made Preſident.

WIFE,

WIFE. I have ſaid it, my Dear, and I'll
ſay it again,
That your famous Congreſs were a ſtrange ſet
of men:
To you, my dear Love, I may be ſometimes
too pert,
But then, you know well, Dear, it is but for
a Spirt:
Tho' I do now, and then, take the Freedom,
to glance,
At your Dreams, and your Viſions, I mind the
main Chance;
Regard your true Intereſt, your Health, and
your Eaſe,
And am ever diſpos'd, to do juſt, as you pleaſe;
Sometimes, to be ſure, it is not quite conve-
nient,
But ſince I ſwore t' obey, I'm always obe-
dient;
I defy you, to ſay now; you can't for your
Life,
That I'm not, at the Bottom, a very good
Wife:
Could I ſee you in Priſon, or hang'd, without
Pain?
Then, pray, have not I reaſon enough to
complain?

HUSBAND. Pſha! for God's Sake, what
Hazard of that do I run?

WIFE. Pſha, on, but beware, Dear, that
you are not undone;
'Twou'd ſoon break my Heart, tho' we do now
and then jar,
Were you ruin'd, or taken, or killed in War.
From the Love I bear you, and our dear Girls
and Boys,
I have examin'd this Book, that makes ſo
much Noiſe:
Without ſeeing thro' Mill-ſtones, its ſoon un-
derſtood,
As ſure as you are born, this will at laſt end
in Blood:
A Cabal, which the high ſovereign Power
defies,
No matter whether prompted, by Truth, or by
Lies;
No Matter for us, whether without, or with
Reaſon,
In Law, they ſay's deem'd, little ſhort, of High
Treaſon.
Three thouſand Miles diſtant, we may crow
and exult,
But can you hope, any State, will bear ſuch
Inſult.
To your high mighty Congreſs, the Members
were ſent,
To lay all our Complaints, before Parliament;
Uſurpation rear'd its head, from that fatal Hour,
You reſolv'd, you enacted, like a ſovereign
Pow'r.

Acts,

Acts, tho' not enjoin'd, on Pain of Gibbets, and Flames,
Diſobey'd, at the Price, of our Fortunes, and Fames,
Your Non-Imports, and Exports, are full fraught with Ruin,
Of thouſands, and thouſands, the utter Undoing:
While, without daring to bite, you're ſhewing your Teeth,
You've contriv'd to ſtarve, all the poor People to death.
Into all that's moſt ſacred, you've made mad Inroad,
Morocco itſelf, wou'd be aſham'd, of your Code.
Pretty Sovereigns, in truth! God help us, what Things!
To make deep Politicians, or Stateſmen, or Kings?
If *Philadelphia* or *York*, propos'd ſome wiſe Plan,
From that very Moment, you all branded the Man
------- of Senſe and of Honour--------derive
-----Carpenters-Hall---------- alive
---------- murder or rob
---------- Pieces ----------Mob.
Inſtead of imploring, their Juſtice, or Pity,
You treat Parliament, like a Pack, of Banditti:

Inſtead of Addreſſes, fram'd on Truth, and on Reaſon,
They breathe nothing, but Inſult, Rebellion, and Treaſon;
Inſtead of attempting, our Intereſts to further,
You bring down, on our Heads, Perdition, and Murder.
When I think how theſe Things muſt infallibly end,
I am diſtracted with Fear, and my Hair ſtands an end.

HUSBAND. Youv'e been, heating your Brain,
With Romances, and Plays,
Such Rant, and Bombaſt, I never heard in my Days.

WIFE. Were your new-fangled Doctrines, as modeſt, and true,
'Twou'd be well for yourſelves, and this poor Country too:
But ſuppoſing *Great-Britain*, quite out, of the Caſe,
And you all ſhould be ſav'd, by ſome high Act, of Grace;
Lets return to ourſelves, if you've Eyes, you will ſee
Your Aſſociation, big with rank Tyranny.
Its hardly worth ones while, to ſhow Indignation

At

At that fooliſh Bugbear, your Non-Importation;
For Men do ſo hunger, and ſo thirſt, after Pelf,
That when thouſands are ſtarv'd, 'twill blow up, of itſelf.
You have read a great deal,——with patient Reflection,
Conſider one Moment, your Courts of Inſpection:
Could the Inquiſition, *Venice*, *Rome*, or *Japan*,
Have deviſed, ſo horrid, ſo wicked a Plan?
In all the Records, of the moſt ſlaviſh Nation,
You'll not find an Inſtance, of ſuch Uſurpation.
If Spirits infernal, for dire Vengeance deſign'd,
Had been nam'd Delegates, to afflict Human kind,
And in Grand Continental Congreſs, had reſolv'd,
"Let the Bonds of ſocial Bliſs, be from henceforth diſſolved,"
They could not have plann'd, with more exquiſite Skill,
Nor have found, a tame Race, more ſubmiſs to their Will.
Let Fools, Pedants, and Huſbands, continue to hate
The Advice of us Women, and call it all Prate;

Whilſt

Whilſt you are in Danger, by your good Leave, my Dear,
Both by Night and by Day, I will ring in your Ear---
Make your Peace :—Fear the King :—The Parliament fear.

Oh! my Country! remember, that a Woman unknown,
Cry'd aloud,—like *Caſſandra*, in Oracular Tone,
Repent! or you are forever, forever undone.

FINIS.